

Young Brothas

Wu-Syndicate

Intro: Myalansky [Joe Mafia] Young brotha, take a look around [All ya young niggas]

At the starvation, legal murder [watch yourself blood]

Abortion, as the death rate increases [I feel for you son]

Life the ghetto, my peoples [word up, what up all ya niggas]

Wu-Syndicate, rest in peace

all those who didn't make it all these years [Stop]

Hold your head, grap your umbrellas [Word][Myalansky]

UFO swarm your city, older cats retire

Shorty fantasizing "When I grow up, I'll be the livest"

Well known threw the high school

Little knucklehead, gettin high too

Fightin in class, rockin Levi shoes

Short ass suit, swing valleys

Sayin one day, he'll be paid lavage

Bangin fly Canadian chick named Tamia

Saint Gria, fine wine, don doddy, why?

Corporate blindsides, the frontlines survive

It be down little shorties watching they don't give a fuck

Locked up, now your love caught a lee, now what? Chorus: Myalansky Everything in life, ain't always what it seems

Keep it real with reality, stop the illusion, chasing the dream

Many lives lost through the struggle, children cry

Look at the stressed mother, family losed a love

Young Brotha For all of my young niggas, take this true baby [Joe Mafia]

Project long knights move

You bitter sweet killers with murder fleets

The slaughter hold heat

So many drugs, my thugs O.D.

Knockin O.D.'s to give at this

Wildin out, who's the livest?

Stayin the flyest

Ya name ring, iced chain swing

Shorties wan't too much expose to the game of drug sling

Not knowin who to trust

Lost your mind a long time ago

Fuck a nine to five, but yo don't waste time to blow the fast life

Got you livin on the edge, speedballin nigga note the ledge

Why you wastin your time, shinin for egg head

Night cat, see ya life flash, and get a thrill thuggin

Stop frontin, rockin Slot Time caught in the cross bustinChorusOutro

Shit is real, all my young brothas

East the West coast, Los Angelese, N.Y.C.

Much respect to nigga Tony Alfred from Brownsville

My man Shawn Harper, all my cats

Young Brothas

Brown

Keep Focus

All my niggas that got put through the ground

Locked down

See where you headin shorty

I used to be you

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